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THE TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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CELESTIAL FROLICS.

The sun had put his night-cap on,
And covered o'er his head,
When countless stars appear'd amid
The curtains round his head.

The moon arose, most motherly,
To take a quiet peep
How all the stars behaved while he
Her sovereign was asleep.

She saw them wink their silvery eyes,
As if in roguish play;
Though silent all, to her they seem'd
As if they'd much to say.

So, lest their frolics should disturb
The sleeping king of light,
She rose so high that her mild eye
Could keep them all in sight.

The stars, abash'd, stole softly back,
And look'd demure and prim;
Until the moon began to nod,
Her eyes becoming dim.

Then sleepily she sought her home,
That's somewhere—who knows where?
But as she went, the playful stars
Commenced their twinkling glare.

And when the moon was fairly gone,
The imps with silvery eyes
Had so much fun it woke the sun,
And he began to rise.

He rose in glory!—from his eyes
Sprang forth a new-born day;
Before whose brightness all the stars
Ran hastily away.

Wolves on the Track.

Lost in her own thoughts, Ella had little heeded the noise which was heard from time to time, and which she fancied the fall of avalanches from crag to crag in the mountains. But now, all on a sudden, she remarked that her father had several times turned his head to look back, and that his face wore a troubled expression. "What is it, father?" she asked, "is there anything the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," he answered, in a short, stern manner, not at all usual to him—"I hope, nothing;" and then murmured to himself, in a lower tone, "God grant it may be nothing."

Her uneasiness by no means lessened, but, understanding he did not wish to be questioned, she remained silent, but with her attention on the alert to discover the cause for anxiety. The dull noise in the rear certainly increased, and was heard at fitful intervals, now almost swelling into a note, then dying away, and was decidedly nearer than when first she had remarked it. The horses, too, seemed by some wonderful instinct to partake her father's uneasiness. Just then the noise began afresh and now an unmistakable howl sent a flash of certainty into her mind. Unable longer to bear the suspense, she half rose, and gasped out. "O father, is it—is it the wolves?"

"They are a long way behind," said Andreas; "we shall reach home well, never fear."

But the farmer's face contradicted his cheerful words, and, with a sinking of heart as if its action had been stopped, and then a tumultuous rush of blood through her veins, Ella sank back on her seat. It was a fearful revulsion of feeling to be thus suddenly torn from a state of dreamy reverie, and brought face to face with a great danger. The fainting sensation was over directly, and, closing her eyes for a moment, and murmuring a heartfelt prayer, her natural courage returned. Ella had till then only seen dead wolves, the trophies of the chase, and once or twice one securely muzzled on its way to some foreign menagerie; but too many dreadful wolf stories are current round Norwegian hearths in the winter for her not to divine the greatness of the peril, and she tried to calculate their probable distance from home, and the chances of escape.

Frau Ingeborg next heard the howl, and asked the same terrified question as her daughter. "O God, my poor children!" was her only exclamation; and then she, too, was calm and still. Nearer, nearer is the howling—faster go the terrified horses; their instinct has told them the danger. Ella gently disengages herself from the sleeping Olaf, and unbidden, gets out the rifle and powder flask, and in silence looks to the loading. Andreas's eye falls on her; he is at that moment pleased to see the fruit of the training he has given his child, in her pale, composed face and steady hand, like a brave Norse maiden as she was. Her eyes are now strained to look back as far as she can. Ere long, on the brow of a hill they descended, she sees a black moving mass against the sky. "I see them, father, but they are far off yet."

A groan escapes from Andreas. "God help us, then!" he mutters. Wife and daughter read his face, and from their hearts, too, goes up that agonized prayer. Ah! well may they pray it. On came the pack, some half-hundred gaunt, hungry wolves, their dismal howl freezing the life-blood of the Jansens. The horses bound onwards with red nostrils and panting sides; they go like the wind, but the distance is steadily diminished. And the howl of the wolves sounds like a mocking demon cry, "Ha, ha! ye go fast we go faster; ye are few, we are many; it is our turn now; ye are the hunted, we the hunters. Ha, ha! how like ye the change?"

"Would it not be possible," said Ella, "to take refuge in one of these chalets? Could we not barricade ourselves there?"

"It would be only quicker death; the wolves would soon force the door; there would be no fastenings of sufficient strength to resist them."

They looked above, around—neither help nor hope was to be seen; the pitiless earth was wrapped in one vast winding sheet of snow, and the cold glancing lights in the sky revealed only too clearly their desperate condition. A cold damp stands on the farmer's brow; still he guides his horses with firm hand, speaks encouragingly to them, and though he, knowing the peril best, has given up hope first, he relaxes no effort. It was hard, in the flush of manhood; the prime of life, with the blood coursing throug hevery vein in strength and power, to have nothing to do but die. As he looked at his dear ones, he thought, were these but safe, death would not be so fearful; and then the image of the pleasant home at Ravensdol rose up before him, and to leave all this, to die and leave no name, no heir behind him, it was hard! Was it not a triumph of Christian faith that he, thus circumstanced, could bow his head meekly, and say, "Thy will be done?" Dame Ingeborg said nothing, but her tears fell fast over the nestling Raoul she was straining to her heart; and as the child started at the noise, she hushed him off to sleep as carefully as if he had been in his little bed at home, thankful that at least one of her darlings was spared the anguish of this valley of the shadow of death. And yet to her arose a ray of light, a gleam of happiness, as she thought that she and all her dear ones would cross the river of death at the same time: no widowhood, no orphanage, no childlessness—the parting of a moment, and then the eternal reunion in bliss. Olaf, roused by his sister's rising, had awoke, and seeing the wolves, burst out into terrified crying; but when Ella gently bade him pray to God, and try and be a brave boy, he caught the infection of her calmness. Swallowing his tears, he knelt on the seat, and hiding his face in the fur wraps, that he might not see the objects of his dread, he manfully tried to stifle his sobs, and repeated over and over again his simple prayer, "O Lord Jesus, please drive away these dreadful wolves, and let us get safe home." Of all, Ella was the happiest, for one great comfort was hers; her best beloved was safe, and as she thought, with a thrill of joy that seemed strange at such an instant, through an act of self-denial to which she had urged him, and which God was blessing by his deliverance. The wolves were gaining fast; they could distinguish the fiery eyes, the red tongues hanging out. Ella, as she saw one in advance, quite close to them, cried out, "Father, father! the rifle."

"Then take the reins an instant," said he, as he took the weapon from her hands. Ella obeyed; the horses wanted little guidance, and the wolf fell dead beneath her father's sure aim. There was a stop of the whole pack, and the Jansens almost dared to hope. Andreas's face was gloomy as before. "Only a check," murmured he; "they are mad with hunger. The one I have killed will be devoured, and then—"

His words were verified; in a few minutes' time they again heard the baying of the pack, and they were soon in sight, their appetite whetted by the taste of blood; on, on, with increased ardor for the chase. Again was one shot down again occurred the temporary lull, and then afresh began that ghastly hunt.

"There is but one charge more, father," said Ella.

"We will save it as long as we can," was Andreas's reply. And his voice was hoarse and husky.

Let us now change the scene.

* * * * * * *

"By-the-by," said Eric, "I heard some unpleasant news at the farm I was at yesterday. They say a large pack of wolves has come down from the fields to the northward; the early and severe winter this season is supposed to have driven them down. Some hunters out on a bear chase, a few days back, had a very narrow escape; they report the wolves as going to the south."

"I hope not," said Hugo; "they had heard nothing about it at Ravensdal, no more had I, but then I came from the contrary direction. I hope not, though I should like it above everything if we could muster a strong party and have a good hunt; but wolves are fearful foes to meet unprepared."

Undefined apprehensions he could not shake off, filled the young man's mind, and, after trying to talk of other things, he came back to the wolves, and to speculations as to their positions and movements. So time sped on, and he paced up and down with a growing uneasiness he in vain told himself was ungrounded and absurd, and he longed for the return of the sleigh to terminate these secret fears. Eric had been listening intently for some minutes, and all at once exclaimed, "There, now, I hear a howl."

Hugo threw himself on the snow to hear better, andere long hears the same sound.

"I fear—I fear it is so; it is far off, but oh, in the same direction they have taken."

After some moments of intense attention, both men satisfied themselves that it was not the howl of a solitary wolf, and that it was steadily advancing.

"Oh, tell me, what can we do," cried Hugo; "it is on the track which leads from the town, just the time when they would be on the road. My poor Ella, what can I do?"

"Unarmed as we are, it is only by remaining here we can be of any service, and this is a position we can easily defend. With that amount of firewood at our back, I would defy an army of wolves. Look! the chalet stands in a recess of rocks; from point to point we can make a rampart of fire." So saying, he began to arrange fagots in a line from one point of rock to the other, leaving an open space in the center. "I think with you, young man, that your friends are on the road, and that the wolves are pursuing them, else we should not hear that continuous howling nearer and nearer. I am leaving this space for the sledge to pass; the wolves would never dare to attempt to follow through such a wall of flame as we can raise."

"Hist, I hear the gallop of a horse," said Hugo, kneeling on the snow.

"Then set fire to our barrier; it may be a beacon to them, and show them where we are."

This was soon done, and the bright pinewood flame was ere long streaming into the sky.

"Now," said Eric, "get more fagots ready, for you and I must be prepared to close up the passage immediately the sleigh is safe."

"But the horses," said Hugo, "will they pass between two such fires as we have here?"

"No fear; they are terrified enough to leap over a precipice if it came in their way—anything, everything—to escape those that are after them."

A few minutes passed in breathless suspense, during which the noise of horses and wolves became louder and louder.

"Ah! there they are," cried Hugo, "and the whole pack close behind. They see us; Andreas is flogging the horses. O God! there is a great wolf close upon them—oh, I would give ten years of my life for a rifle for one instant. Andreas dares not leave the reins. Ella is standing up; she has the rifle. Good heavens! the wolf will spring at her. No, she has fired—shoot him down—my brave Ella, my own dear girl."

Another second, and the sledge was in the haven of refuge provided by the forethought of the pedlar, safe from the ruthless wolves, behind the barrier of flame.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

CHARACTER IS POWER.—It is often said that knowledge is power—and this is true. Skill or faculty of any kind carries with it superiority. So, to a certain extent, wealth is power, and rank is power, and intellect is power, and genius has a transcendant gift of mastery over men. But higher, purer, and better than all, more constant in its influence, more lasting in its sway, is the power of character—that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind. Take any community, who is the man of the most influence? To whom do all look up with reverence? Not to the 'smartest' man, nor the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but him who in a long course of prosperity and adversity, has approved himself to the judgment of his neighbors and to all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called wise and good.

Treatment of Witness in Court.

In view of the detestable system of bullying, which exists in our courts of law, all must admit how necessary it is, as a matter of fairness to the witness, and justice to the cause, that those called upon to give evidence should be enabled to get into a witness box in a normal or at least a cool condition. Take the case of a young woman brought up in seclusion, worn out by standing an abstinence, and at length after two or three day's attendance, called upon to give evidence. Something like the following scene takes place: The witness, with dress rather disordered, ascends the box; she commences arranging her crumpled shawl, collar, &c., and finding a little space and air around her, gives a gentle sigh of relief. In this occupation she is suddenly startled by an order to "Take the book in 'er right 'and." The witness, probably religiously brought up, and accustomed to a Bible neatly bound, respected, and cared for, is rather surprised at the black leather thing placed before her, foul with the pressure of ten thousand greasy thumbs, and as many not more delicate kisses; however, she takes up this reverend specimen of the four Evangalists. At that moment it is discovered that "'er right 'and" is gloved, and she is told to take of her glove. From the nature of surrounding circumstances, the hand is always hot, and the glove invariably tight. The operation is a long one; the official becomes impatient, and the witness, feeling that there are a crowd of men staring at her, becomes confused.

Why a witness cannot take an oath in gloves, if it equally binds the conscience, we have always been unable to discover; but so it is, this legal ceremony must be performed in an ungloved hand. The crier then adresses her in the following mystic style: "Th' ev'dence which u shal g' to cort an' jur' shal' be the yol tru an nothun butter-tru, shelpin God, Kissebook. Scarcely has she recovered from this would-be-solemn rite, when she hears a junior counsel, in a hard voice, ask her name. According to the natural custom of persons answering a question, and following the rules of politeness, she turns toward the speaker, and gently replies. "Please speak out an address those gentlemen, is the sharp rejoinder. The witness finds herself again at fault, blushes again with complete confusion. By "those gentlemen" are meant the jury; but where they are, surrounded as they are by a pressing crowd, only the initiated can discover. A few formal questions are then put to her; at length, one pertinent to the cause; on attempting to answer this she suddenly hears herself called upon to "stop, and not answer that question." The question is, however, repeated; again the order to stop is given. This, she discovers, proceeds from a red-faced senior, who has now got upon his legs, and who eyes her all over with unmitigated impudence. A confused squabble then ensues between the two counsel and the judge about the question, greatly to the distress of the witness, who fancies she has created a serious quarrel between the three gentlemen. Perhaps she timidly interposes an explanation, and is checked by a sharp order to "be quiet." At length the question is put in a modified, and generally in an unintelligible form. Forgetting the early intimation to speak out, she answers in her natural tone. The jury can't hear. This time the judge reproves her in the following form: "Mary ——, you have not been brought here to carry on a private conversation with the learned counsel, but to give your evidence to those gentlemen." The witness is now quite abashed, and begins to feel that everybody, including "those gentlemen," must have a very mean opinion of her. The question is again put to her; thoroughly cowed, half ready to cry, and sustained only by feminine pride, she says "No," when she meant to say "Yes." A confused conversation follows between the counsel and attorneys on the side for which she appears. The question is repeated in a different form, and this time she says "Yes." The unhappy girl has laid the foundation for a rigorous cross-examination from the red-faced senior. This dreadful ordeal follows only too soon; she is told to be careful, is addressed by her Christian name in a familiar manner, and is asked if she swears to this and to that. Contractions succeed, of course, not intentional, but the result of fatigue, exhaustion, and the irritable reproaches of the judge. At length she is told to stand down, having been rendered more than half hysterical, and is hustled through the crowded avenues with downcast eyes and covered with shame to meet the affectionate greetings of her friends for having damaged, if not lost them, their cause. Every one accustomed to courts of law will remember that some such scene as this occurs in every other trial that is heard. Much, no doubt, of this is unavoidable. It is impossible to provide against the rudeness of learned counsel, though many of the judges do their best to check it, and many of the higher class of advocates conduct their cause with a marked courtesy. These are men either of naturally amiable dispositions, or who come from those classes of society where vulgarity of feeling is as much discountenanced as is vulgarity of manners. The Bar, however, is a profession to all-comers, and contains able men from all ranks of life, from the son of the pier to the son of the artisan; talent does not, however, presuppose breeding, and unfortunately, if a man is originally of a vulgar nature, the practice of the Bar is apt to foster and aggravate the disposition to rudeness and indifference. Much, therefore, of the bullying system is unavoidable, even with the best care of the judges, and the most marked condemnation of the public. At the same time it is quite possible to lessen a great deal of the irritation that arises between the court and the witness from the nervousness of the witness, the defective acoustics of the Court, and the position in the Court that the parties engaged occupy in relation to one another.—*Westminster Review.*

A Remarkable Prediction.

Thomas Jefferson's Prophecy of a Southern Confederacy

It is a remarkable fact that at the time of the acquisition of the Louisiana territory, in 1803, the opponents of that measure predicted the ultimate formation of a new confederacy which would usurp the control of the eastern affluents of the Mississippi river. It was in reference to such sinister prophecies that Mr. Jefferson wrote as follows to Mr. Breckinridge, under date of August 12, 1803. We quote from the fourth volume of his writings, as officially published by Congress:

"Objections are raising to the eastward against the vast extent of our boundaries, and propositions are made to exchange Louisiana, or a part of it, for the Floridas. But, as I have said, we shall get the Floridas without, and I would not give one inch of the waters of the Mississippi to any nation, because I see in a light very important to our peace the exclusive right to its navigation, and the admission of no nation into it, but as in the Potomac or Delaware, with our consent and under our police. These Federalists see in this acquisition the formation of a new Confederacy, embracing all the waters of the Mississippi, on both sides of it, and a separation of its eastern waters from us. These combinations depend upon so many circumstances which we cannot forsee, that I place little reliance on them. We have seldom seen a neighborhood produce affection among nations. The reverse is almost the universal truth. Besides, it should become the great interest of those nations to separate from this; if their happines should depend on it so strongly as to induce men to go through that convulsion, why should the Atlantic States dread it? But especially why should we, their present inhabitants, take sides in such a question?

"When I view the Atlantic States procuring for those on the eastern waters of the Mississippi friendly instead of hostile neighbors on its western waters, I do not view it as Englishmen would the procuring future blessings of the French nation, with whom he has no relations of blood or affection. The future inhabitants of the Atlantic and Mississippi will be our sons. We have them in distinct but bordering establishments. We think we see their happiness in their union, and we wish it. Events may prove it otherwise; and if they see their interest in separation, why should we take sides with our Atlantic rather than our Mississippi descendents? It is the elder and the younger son differing. God bless them both, and keep them in Union if it be for their good, but separate them if it be better. The inhabited part of Louisiana, from Point Coupee to the sea, will of course be immediately a territorial government, and soon a state. But above that the best use we can make of the country for some time will be to give establishments in it to the Indians on the east side of the Mississippi in exchange for their present country, and open land offices in the last, and thus make this acquisition the means of filling up the eastern side, instead of drawing off its population. When we shall be full on this side, we may lay off a range of States on the western bank, from the head to the mouth, and so, range after range, advancing compactly as we multiply."

Dutch Tenpins.

At Sheridan's I saw Rosecrans unbent. The bow which is always strung loses its power; so workers, such as he, wear out by constant working. The hour of relaxation is the time to learn any man, and I tried to study him. Sheridan had invented a game he called "Dutch Tenpins." On the lawn in front of his quarters, between two immense elms, he had suspended a long rope, and to the end of it he attached a small cannon-ball. On the ground, midway between these trees, was a small board which held the tenpins. The game lay in throwing the ball so that it would miss the pins in going out and strike them in coming back. To do this, a peculiar twist had to be given to the rope by bending the wrist, and it seemed almost impossible to avoid hitting the pins on a direct throw. Three "throws" were a "game" and only thirty "strokes" could be made. Sheridan, at such practice had become expert at the play, and could make, pretty regularly, twenty "strokes," but a novice did well if he made ten. He soon challenged Rosecrans, and the dozen of officers with him, to enter the lists. Sheridan opened the play, cleared the board twice, and missed it altogether the third throw. "Twenty," cried the "scorer," and another player took his place. He did indifferently well. Others followed with more or less success, though none came up to Sheridan's "score."

"Now for the General," shouted "the major," laughing, as Rosecrans took his place. "He'll score thirty, sure."

"Don't laugh till you win, my boy," answered the General with his peculiar smile.

Calculating deliberately the motion of his ball, he let it go. Every pin fell, on the direct throw, and a general laugh followed. Not at all disconcerted, he tried again and again, till he had played three or four "games" with scarcely better success. Amid the mocking congratulation of the whole assemblage he at last sat down, and Garfield entered the lists. "It's nothing but mathematics," said Garfield; "you only need an eye and a hand," and carelessly throwing the ball, he cleared the board and scored twenty-three.

"You can't do that again."

"I'll try," answered the modest Brigadier, and he did do it, several times in succession.

"I can do better than that," said Rosecrans, again taking the ball. A shout of derision followed the boast, but he quietly set himself to work, and half a dozen times in succession, made from twenty-five to thirty "strokes."—*Edmund Kirke's "Down in Tennessee."*

TENEMENT HOUSES IN NEW YORK.—The New York *Evening Post* has a striking article on the way New Yorkers live, giving statistics calculated both to surprise and shock the public. It computes that nearly three quarters of a million of men, women and children in that city live in tenement houses. The following figures tell their own story:

Of 115,986 families residing in the city of New York, only 15,990 are able to enjoy the luxury of an independent home; 14,462 other families live in comparative comfort, two in a house; 4,416 buildings contain three families each, and yet do not come under the head of tenements; 11,965 dwelling houses which remain are the homes of 72,386 families, or thirty-five souls to each house! But this is only an average. In the Eleventh ward, 113 rear houses (houses built on the backs of deep lots, and separated by a narrow and necessarily dark and filthy court from the front houses, which are also "barracks") contain 1653 families, or nearly 15 families or 70 souls each; 24 others contain 407 families, being an average of 80 souls in each; and in another ward, 72 such houses contain no less than 19 families or 95 souls each!

This seems shocking. But this is by no means the worst. There are 580 tenement houses in New York which contain, by actual count, 10,933 families, or about 85 persons each; 198 others, which accommodate 111 persons each; 71 others, which cover 140 each; and, finally, 29—these must be the most profitable!—which have a total population of no less than 5449 souls, or 187 to each house!

That part of Fifth avenue which holds the chief part of the wealth and fashion of New York has an extent of about two miles, or, counting both sides of the street, four miles. These four miles of stately palaces are occupied by four hundred families; while a large block of tenement houses, not two hundred yards out of Fifth Avenue, contain no less than seven hundred families, or 3500 souls! Seven such blocks would contain more people than the city of Hartford, which covers an area of several square miles.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—The night before the battle of Waterloo it rained "The ground was saturated; the rain had collected in many hollows of the plain as in tubs; at certain points the ammunition wagons had sunk in up to the axeltries and the girths of the horses; if the wheat, laid low by this mass of moving vehicles, had not filled the ruts and made a litter under the wheels, any movement, especially in the valleys, would have been impossible."

Napoleon, accustomed to hold his artillery in hand like a pistol, waited until the field batteries could gallop freely. Alas! the sun did not come out, and it was noon when the first gun was fired. Had the battle commenced two hours sooner says Victor Hugo, it would have been over by four o'clock. Blucher would have fallen into the hands of the victor, and the map of Europe, and the civilization of the nineteenth century, would have assumed a new form. The difference between a throne and a prison may be the result of a rain, and yet no human science can avert or anticipate it. He who said that Providence was on the side of the best served artillery, proved by his own sad history the falsity of the statement. He who walketh upon the winds taught him how vain it was to struggle with his cold or rain. Providence is on the side of justice and truth, and sooner or later will demonstrate this.—*Christian Advocate.*

OUR MOTHER.—Thank Heaven for a pious mother. She has been our safe guard in trial, our comfort in affliction, and our guide in prosperity. No earthly influence has contributed so much to mould our moral character as those gentle words from a mother's lips, which entered into the statute of our soul, and will no doubt live with it forever. No earthly name has a sweeter, dearer sound than the name of mother. Deprive us of all other comforts of life itself, and the trial would not be half so great as the loss of our pious mother. Her example and influence are more valuable than a world of wealth, and that she may live long to advise and counsel us, is our most earnest prayer. And how we pity those little boys and girls, those young ladies and gentlemen, whose hearts must echo that sad sentence, "My mother is dead!" How we pity those homeless wanderers in a cold and heartless world, who have no fond mother's voice to soothe and sustain them in the gloomy night of sorrow.

LONG DRESSES.—"We do not see one lady in ten walking the streets," says an exchange, "without a constant fussing and fidgeting with the long skirts of her dress. Some pin them up at regular spaces, giving them a very rumpled appearance; others wear 'pages' or an elastic cord just below the waist, pulling up their dresses just as our grandmothers used to do when they went to scrub the kitchen; others frantically seize the side breadths, holding them in front, having the appearance of setting down at the first convenient opportunity. Some walk on letting their dress hang till suddenly brought up on the front breadth, stumble, flounder, pull up and try it again. Now all this could be avoided.

Modesty and respect for the opinions of mankind demand a reformation in this matter. If the ladies would put a quarter of a yard less in the length of their dresses, they would save the amount the goods cost and much public observation.—*Plattsburg Republican.*

THE OLD RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM PENN.—The quaint old house at the southeast corner of Second street and Norris alley, below Chestnut street, Philadelphia, has been purchased by a progressive citizen. It will shortly be torn down to make room for buildings more in accordance with the present age. The old house derives its chief interest as the only residence of William Penn. The house was built for Samuel Carpenter. It was occupied as the city residence of Wm. Penn and his family, while in Philadelphia, on his second visit in 1700, and in this house was born his son, John Penn, the "American," the only one of the race ever born in this country. The house is now about one hundred and seventy-five years old, and is the last relic of the Penn family.